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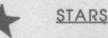
January 13, 1988



THE PROBLEM OF SUFFERING

My child was struggling for life in hospital. And I, worried, tense and tired, Sat in silent prayer; In violent silence arguing with my God. Go, I said, Why do you allow him to suffer so? Why him all the time? Why? God was silent! Not a word from him, Not a word!

Maybe, I thought, "I shall take no more", my drapes over window God is angry with me. slow is a golden word and touch and she made a stop. must be you. I'll appease my God: that echoes the silent tide I'll promise to be good, slow caresses MARINA MOLYNEAUX But, soon his strength Try and be good at least, slow to end sagged Surely God would then slow rising fire inside she was weak, her voice respond. trembled. God, I pleaded, soft Please God, is a patience drawn from love his weight. To be good is hard, on a breath of midnight peace **BRAIN DRAIN** But I'll try. soft through passion She tried to look, But soft in speech till the blinding l meet you in the corriders: but his sight was weak, My child must live, sweet Little back-packed groups and she could not Live free from pain: release Pale and sighing; rise from his native stool. God, these waves awashing morning bright Dark-circled eyes You know how I love him, that sift our bodies Betraying Fear attacked his flesh don't you? Plates too full feather-light which she thought was And time too fleeting. don't you? Don't you? wake us with soft command slowly rotting Don't you? The stress of As and Bs But away to see love stand And oh - much worsebringing her to an end. God was dumb: though night is broken Of Cs and (dread) Like my child Demoralizing Ds. she must be saved. Then I said to myself, with joy and courage F symbolizes failure: so she called for drug God is just, yet unspoken Finished, out; I'll appeal for justice, which she smoked, Pink ears and butts: He cannot denv me puffing the green smoke, turn away the ocean and On you the knotting strain "Ah! Marijuana", She justice, Of HAVING to get walk, sighed, God, I called, An education. drawn by hope and Though you are silent, "it has done the job". half-dreamed plans am pale I am sure you hear me, And sigh too. Be fair, be just, to different shorelines Let him live strong and his strength dredged by Man PAMELA J. FULTON happy. slowly came to her. Then burned through and through I saw on the wall, with stars and sand. A cockroach pregnant with egg, Jason and Dean In pains of labour, THEATRE NEW BRUNSWICK Bringing forth new life. I snatched a newspaper, LIGHT A CANDLE" And hit the cockroach. A powerful and dramatic work It fell on its back, WANTED - TAXI DRIVERS from one of the world's most Struggling for life, celebrated playwrights. - WE GUARANTEE MIN. WAGE. FULL AND PART TIME. and I crushed it, DIFF. SHIFTS AVAIL (USUALLY EARN MORE STUDENT PREVIEW: With the heel of my shoe. - NO EXPERIENCE NEEDED ON COMMISSION) Thursday: January 19, 8:00 pm (WE TRAIN YOU) All the time I was praying, - HEALTH AND DENTAL PLAN. The Playhouse, Queen St. MUST BE 19 YRS. OLD. - ENJOY MEETING PEOPLE. Violently pleading for life, Students with ID - \$3.00 GOOD DRIVING RECORD. - CHANCE FOR ADVANCEMENT. The life of my child! Others - \$5.00 - ESTABLISHED COMPANY. NOTE: ONCE YOU HAVE STARTED YOUR EMPLOYMENT WITH US Matinee: Sat, Jan 28, 2:00 pm Deogratias Mugoa AND HAVE ACCUMULATED 40 HOURS, WE WILL REIMBURSE YOU FOR Students \$8.50



You took me into the fields of night vast expanse of blue desire eyes a cosmic dream inspired with the muted traffic distant mute grassy land insistent

Highway leads to darkened land and starwashed field to darkwashed sand for lovers coupling years of dreaming pulses in blood ocean streaming streaming like the deep rhythm rocked in sleep



looming figure, faraway afraid l tremble in darkness who are you?

what little light is, be a ghost of hell a fire in my tension who are you?

what fallen blazes rise from beyond what spirits in my mind who are you?

awakened my dream my bed warmth and love

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His eves were red with drug, in his veins the irritation flowed.

She was strong as a ploughing bull, and rolled with the vigour of a bull-dozer.

His friends dreaded her for the troubles she wrought, so they told her.

"abandon marijuana" and she said, after listening reluctantly,

her limbs crumbled under

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His muscles toughened, as Deogratias Mugoa "DON'T CURSE THE DARKNESS, egular performances: Jan. 20 to 28

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